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Grave of a Canadian.

(By the Rev. A. E. Richardson, late of the Hausaland Mission, West Central Africa, in 'The Church Missionary Gleaner.')

There is always something intensely interesting or pathetic in the first effort, the first issue, or the first example.

But with what feelings, with what strange awe do we cast our eyes upon this picture of the first Christian cemetery in Hausaland. The first, implying that some day there will be a second, a third; the first, reminding us of the centuries that have rolled past without any call for a Christian grave in that wonderful land. Yes, the first and only graveyard. There is no other cemetery in the whole of the land, either Christian, or Moslem, or Heathen, for the Hausas bury their dead in their houses.

May this scene be graven upon the hearts, the minds, the consciences of all whose eyes fall upon this picture. May we learn the lessons which those two graves teach us so unmistakably!

Where are these graves? It is a remarkable fact that they lie in almost the exact geographical centre of the Hausa States, as though claiming the whole land for Christ. For remember no man chooses the place of his death. [Stay, do we choose? Are there any of us who will die at home whom God would have die in Hausaland or elsewhere? Is God choosing, or are we?]

But God chose this little obscure village.

Gowans was at Zaria sick unto death. Yet God, as it were, said, 'Go into the village over against you,' and Gowans died at Gierku, thirty-four miles south of Zaria.

We would fain have stayed at Zaria too, where Ryder—our colleague in the expedition of last year, the Rev. J. Claud Dudley Ryder—was hale and hearty. But God led us also to that little village 'over against' Zaria. And here God's voice called our brother away. 'Because his "mansion" was ready,' as a little-five-year-old friend of Claud Ryder's put it, 'and God could not wait.'

Those two mounds are just inside the north wall of the town of Gierku—inside the wall, but on the very fringe of that little town. As we view them we are looking almost south, the direction from which reinforcements must come to fill the gaps.

Those two graves lie between the town and the old mission-house (now tenantless and in ruins) which stands decaying outside the north wall. Who will offer to occupy that house?

Whose are these graves? We know whose bodies lie there in 'God's acre.' In the left-hand corner is buried the young Canadian, Gowans. Seven years ago he journeyed up alone into the unknown country, and alone he died far away from home and friends, with none but Heathen and Moslem to perform the last sad and sacred rites. We know not what message he left behind. Perhaps he murmured, as he did over Bishop Hill's dead body, 'I cannot, cannot believe that this is to be the end of all our hopes.'

In the right-hand corner is the grave of Claud Dudley Ryder. How different was his lot! 'He' passed away surrounded by those who loved him and whose love he unstintingly returned, with every help that medical skill and tender nursing could afford.

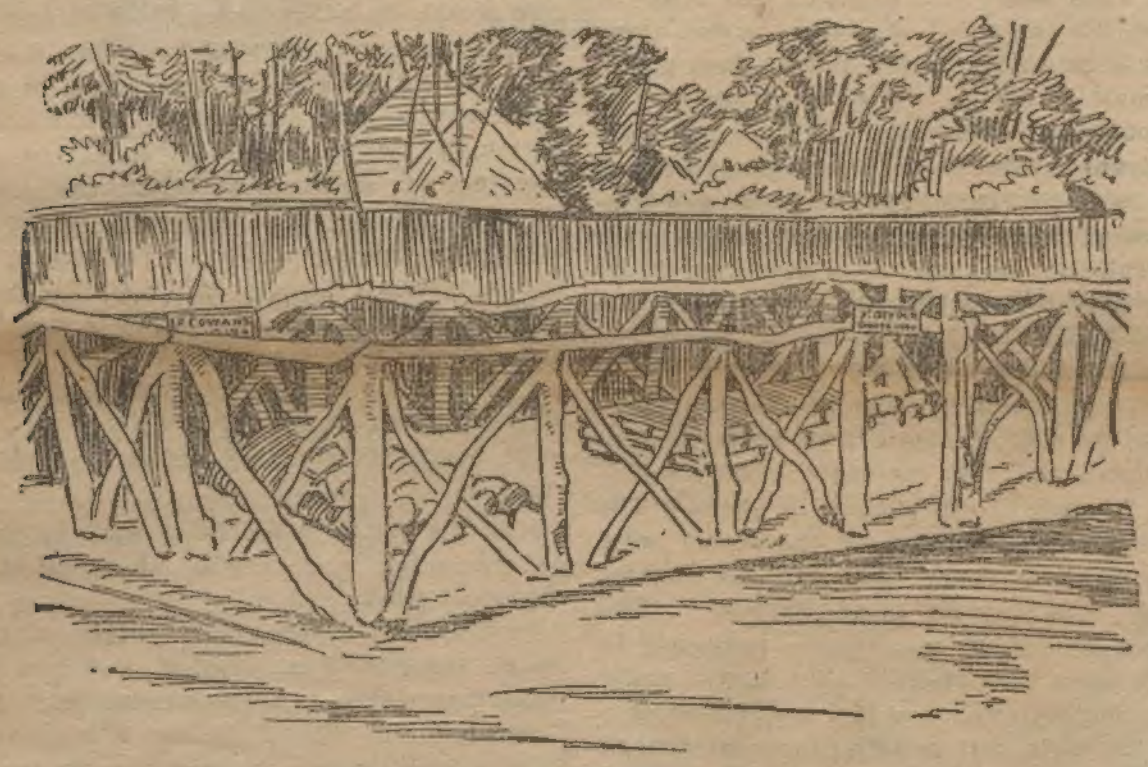
'How sympathetic it will be,' said he; 'two little graves side by side: those of the Canadian and the Englishman. We are fighting side by side too at the front.'

When asked what last message he would like sent home, he replied, 'I think I would say, like Bugler Dunn, "Send me back to the front."'

And his last audible prayer was this, 'O God, grant that this work be not arrested because of this kink in it.'

What is the message of these graves? It is this: It is not by chance that those two little wooden crosses stand up in the centre of Hausaland witnessing to the seed sown—practically the only witness for Christ in the whole of that land.

Take then a last look at that picture. You stand between the deserted mission-house and the deserted graves. Pass it not by without a prayer for the brave Hausas; without an earnest inquiry of your own heart—'Am I standing where I ought to be? Am I where God would have me be?' Or it 'may be' that you will be standing 'between' the ruined mission-house and those millions dead in trespasses and sins, whereas perhaps you ought to be in that mission-house leading those men dead in trespasses and sins into the kingdom of everlasting life.



THE GRAVES AT GIERKU.

Among the Lepers.

Miss Reed's Chapel.

('Faithful Witness.')

Miss Reed's new chapel, at Chandag, India, which has given very great pleasure to Miss Reed and the lepers, both men and women in her asylum, has been built by the students of the College in Grove City, Pa. It must be a pleasure to Dr. Kettler, the head of the College, and his professors and students to know that the chapel is completed, and to see what a pretty, attractive place it is. It stands on the very crest of a hill, and must be a striking object in that beautiful mountain country. It is provided with fire-places for the cold weather, so that the lepers' comfort will be considered at all times.

We give a short extract from a late letter of Miss Reed's giving some idea of how busy she is.

'By sleeping and resting the first part of the nights lately, because so weary after days so filled with work, and oft-times perplexities, and then rising and setting to work in dead earnest at 2.20 and 3 a.m., I have succeeded in getting this paper ready for you.

'It is needless for me to say I greatly enjoyed Mr. Jackson's visit here. You must know how it helped us all. You can well imagine what blessing his coming brought to us.'

Canadians will be amused to see that in a list of accounts Miss Reed speaks of 'unknown donor, Medicine Hat, no country named.'

We quote from Mr. Jackson's letter:

CHANDAG HEIGHTS.

Soon after clearing the sharp ascent from Bahns the new Church of the Asylum becomes visible on the very crest of the ridge. Miss Reed came a mile down the road to meet me, and after a greeting that was mutually cordial, we soon arrived at the Asylum on the Heights. That evening was devoted to general conversation, except that the women-lepers all assembled out on the snowy ground and waited patiently for an opportunity of 'salaaming' to the new arrival.

The work of the Asylum goes on as usual, the present number being eighty-two, exactly half of each sex, the new features since Mr. Bailey's visit five years ago being the Church and the new house for a worker or for visitors. The Church is beautifully situated on the very crest of the hill and is a pretty and substantial little structure which strikes me as being thoroughly suitable in every respect. It is situated conveniently near the women's houses, and is provided with fire-places so that services can be held with comfort in all weathers. It needs a small bell-tower and bell to finish it. Some

sympathizing friend might perhaps feel disposed to provide this.

In the afternoon I greatly enjoyed a walk northwards to the head of the next valley, and towards 'the eternal snows.' I saw a wedding procession come wending up one valley and down into the next, the bridegroom and friends gaily dressed, and tomtoms being beaten with increasing energy as they drew near the house of the bride's parents. I was up and out before sunrise on Tuesday, and watched a spectacle which I may perhaps describe in print some day—but the effects of sun, sky, snow, cloud, and mountain up here have to be seen to be believed.

About 9.30 we had a service with the women. They sat on the ground in a sunny spot, and I spoke to them on John x., 10. They listened very earnestly, and when questioned the responses of many were prompt and hearty. At the close two of the women engaged in prayer, one of whom was Bella, who fell a victim of the disease while a student or teacher in a college at Bareilly. She is now useful among the others, and exercises a good influence.

Wednesday morning at 9.30 found us down at Panahgah for what proved to be a very happy and encouraging service with the men. They sat on the open ground in the sun just above the houses. They formed a very pathetic group. The more decided Christians sat in front. Anwa, who seems to lead the singing, has a sadly disfigured face, though his hands and feet are as yet unaffected. Next to him sat a young man with a really nice and even handsome face, but when he tried to find the place in his Bible I was shocked to find his hands were reduced to stumps. This was Nankuja, a consistent Christian. Close to him sat poor little Rupwa, whose young face is so marred that it might be that of an old man. He seemed to listen with great interest—as indeed almost all did. Others of this sad and stricken congregation had noses that had fallen in almost to the level of their cheeks, and eyes sorely affected too.

But seldom have I felt a more real sense of the Master's presence than that which stole over our hearts as we were led on to plead with these sad hearts to 'open and let the Saviour in.' Our text was Revelation iii., 20, and both speaker and interpreter were so helped by the Spirit that as the address proceeded several could be observed brushing away a tear. A definite appeal to the non-Christians to say audibly 'I will open and let him in,' was responded to with apparent sincerity by five—two or three of whom I had noticed to be listening intently. It is hoped that after further instruction some, if not all, of these may be added to the Church among the lepers on Chandag Heights.

On the following day the leper women were assembled for the first time in their new Church, and we repeated the New Testament part of the lantern pictures. They were intensely interested in the pictures, and recognized each one almost immediately. Miss Reed's class of girls are remarkably well up in Scripture teaching. Their responses to her many questions were both prompt and hearty, and when the picture of the Sacred Head with the crown of thorns came before them, a low murmur of sympathy and awe went round the Church.

On Friday evening I had the nearest view I have so far been able to get of 'the Eternal Snows.' Just before sunset I climbed a sharp hill to the north of Chandag, which must have taken me up to a height of nearly 7,000 feet, and through my glass the magnificent peaks, domes, and ravines of the snowy giants seemed a very few miles away. On the very summit I gathered a bunch of scarlet rhododendrons in full-bloom off an old tree with a gnarled trunk of a foot in diameter.

To-day we have had the first Sunday services for the lepers in the new Church. At 9.30 the women assembled, all but one poor soul who was too ill to attend. It must have been a great effort to some of those who were present to limp up the short path from their quarters to the Church. It was a pathetic and even a pretty scene that greeted me on entering the Church. Dear Miss Reed had been at work, I know, both yesterday and this morning early, to get the comfortable matting laid down with the straw under it which made it so comfortable for the halt and maimed congregation to sit upon. The walls were brightened up by large colored pictures illustrating the life of our Lord, as well as with texts. The fires made the temperature comfortably warm in spite of the cloudy morning. The forty poor sufferers arranged in orderly rows on the floors formed an audience to whom it was a privilege indeed to tell out the unsearchable riches of Christ.

After Miss Reed had with great earnestness engaged in prayer, she read Psalm 63, after which I spoke on the soul, (1) thirsting, (2) satisfied, (3) following. They followed with close and even eager attention, and when Miss Reed suggested that if any of them felt the spirit of prayer moving them they should offer prayer, two of them pleaded most earnestly. Miss Reed felt greatly encouraged by the reality of their petitions. Jogiyani confessed her past shortcomings and besought help to follow closely, and Minnie most earnestly pleaded that as they were worshipping in their nice new Church, so they might themselves be temples of the Holy Ghost.

In the afternoon we held a similar service for the men, thirty-two of whom managed to make the difficult ascent from their quarters at Panahgah. The message based on Isaiah xii., 2, seemed to help some of them. The farewells and messages of the lepers were very touching. They sent countless salaams to all 'who pray for us and love us.' The bright smiles on many faces gave way to tears when they realized that it was really their final farewell, and that I would be leaving too early next morning for a meeting of any kind. In their gratitude, however, they were determined to see the very last of me, and were sitting out on the frosty grass before daylight next morning to watch for my departure. They stood on the highest point of the hill to watch me out of sight down the valley, and waved their chuddars as long as they could see me. Miss Reed herself accompanied me down the road, and our farewells were said at a bend in the road. As we disappeared from each other's sight, I called back to her 'Hitherto—Henceforth,' and she replied, 'Yes, and all the way.'

Mr. Jackson writes that he is profoundly impressed with the reality of the work that is being done, and with its Christ-like and pathetic nature, but what seems to have impressed him even more is what is not being done, and the many openings there are for extending this most Christ-like Mission.

The teacher before his class presents the sublime spectacle of pleading the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ. To do this effectively he must come into sympathy with the Saviour, whom in a measure he represents. The truth and weight of every word of our Lord's invitations or counsels which he reiterates should be felt in the teacher's own mind and heart, if he would have it effective with those to whom it is repeated by him.

Occupations for Children.

(Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, in 'Good Health.')

Children delight in cutting out pictures. These may be sorted and pasted into scrapbooks, which may be made of considerable educational value if mamma or some older member of the family talks with them of the subject in hand. There may be one scrapbook of all kinds of animals, another of all varieties of plants and vegetables, others of home life in other lands, the wearing apparel of different nations, the utensils used in domestic life, different industries, etc. Pictures of noted men and women may be mounted on card and saved in portfolios. Large pictures may be pasted on cardboard and cut into sections to make dissected pictures. Catalogues of flowers and vegetables, if saved, make good painting books for little children, as do old-fashioned magazines and catalogues, the figures of which after being colored may be cut out for paper dolls.

Children delight to make things which can be of real use in the home, and early enjoy work with thread and needle if the sewing lessons are disguised through giving them something of real worth to do, as the sewing of buttons on some garment for themselves or others, the hemming of towels or dish towels, or the outlining of some simple pattern as a gift. We know of several families of little ones between the ages of four and seven who do the bulk of their own weekly mending under the direction of their mother, even darning their own stockings, having learned the first points of the art through mat weaving in the kindergarten, to which they advanced to the weaving of cloth strips after the same method, which, when finished, served as uppers for ironing holders. Darning upon coarse canvas followed, and then the finer work upon stockings. Just here it may be stated that children may make many beautiful and useful articles by weaving ribbons, strips of silks, or crepe paper for pin-cushions, handkerchief cases, tidies, and chair cushions.

Knitting reins on spools or with needles, or crocheting yarn chains offers another change of work.

Participating in the daily work of the home, the sweeping, dusting, and general putting to rights, is an occupation most delightful to the childish heart. We have in mind one little boy of four who is never happier than when the hour comes for the daily emptying of the numerous waste-baskets throughout the house. Real work of all sorts is a most pleasurable employment for little children, and mothers who keep in touch and in full sympathy with these would-be helpers, providing them with ample occupation, will find the way out of many a dilemma in the care and management of them.

'But,' say some mothers, 'these things take so much time.' True, but in the end it saves time, and what is more, it helps to save the child.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Oct. 27, Sun.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.

Oct. 28, Mon.—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Oct. 29, Tues.—The Lord giveth wisdom.

Oct. 30, Wed.—Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.

Oct. 31, Thur.—Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.

Nov. 1, Fri.—In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.

Nov. 2, Sat.—Depart from evil.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Children of Silverton Lodge.

('The Child's Companion.')

'Only another week of the holidays, then stupid old school begins again,' said Frank Causton, standing in front of the play-room fire and making vicious digs at it with the poker. 'I hate school!'

'It's a shame!' cried his younger brother Cecil. 'I can't think why we may not have lessons at home like the girls.'

'It's ever so much jollier to be able to go to school,' said Madge, with a pout on her pretty lips. 'I'm sure you and Frank have

ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

lots of fun. You said yourself the other day that there was always some joke on.'

'My dear child,' said Frank, flourishing the poker to give emphasis to his words, 'that was three weeks ago, when the holidays had only just begun and school seemed miles away. Now, you see, we have only a few more days and we shall be packed off from eight o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the afternoon, and home-work to do after that, while you girls just play at learning with Miss Morton for a short time, and then go out for a walk.'

'I hate walking!' said Muriel snappishly. 'I'd far rather go to school.'

'You'd have to walk then, so there!' cried Cecil, making a ball of his handkerchief and throwing it at his tiny brother. 'You are a lucky fellow, Jack, any way, for you have no lessons, no school, no work, and no walk, so you've got nothing to growl about.'

'Me's got to go to bed,' said little Jack, and sure enough nurse appeared at that very moment, and beckoned to him to go to his mid-day rest.

Then a strange thing happened. I suppose the children were a little tired of doing nothing, for that is possible, you know, strange as it may seem, and then talking about their grievances had made them appear much bigger than they really were.

'Come along, dear,' said nurse, finding that the little fellow did not obey her signal, 'and you others, please had better dress to go out at once.'

Frank sprang on the table and exclaimed:

'Boys—girls—be brave! Do as I tell you and all will be well. Sit still, Jack, and you shall be no more dragged off to lie down against your will. Go, woman!' he added, flourishing the poker as if it were a sword. 'We will not go out or go to bed, and you will touch one of us at your peril!'

Nurse, who happily had a keen sense of fun and loved every one of the children, retreated quickly, choking with laughter. She went straight to Mrs. Causton and told her what had happened.

'If you had only seen Master Frank, ma'am, I'm sure you'd never have forgotten it. I don't know where he gets his ideas from.'

'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, nurse,' said Mrs. Causton. 'He reads so many books about brave men and boys, that he is apt to forget that the best courage of all is that which makes you do your duty in the little things of every day life.'

'But what am I to do, ma'am? Will you go and speak to them?'

'I think not, nurse. They have rebelled against you, and it will be better for both you and them if I let you manage it alone. Go to them once more, and ask if they are ready to do as you tell them, and if not say you will not go near them again till they beg you to do so.'

Nurse ran off and returned in a few minutes to say the children had all indignantly refused to obey her, and when she had stated her intention to leave them quite to themselves, Cecil had exclaimed, 'That's a blessing! Now for some fun'—and had locked the door against her.

For an hour or so all was happy in the play-room. Their mother looked in at a little window which gave light to a staircase and saw that they were all sitting on an old-fashioned sofa enjoying themselves in different ways.

AT LAST THEY ALL SETTLED TO SLEEP ON THE COUCH.

'Poor baby will have a dreadful pain if he eats that orange without sugar,' whispered nurse.

'Never mind,' said Mrs. Causton; 'he will be less likely to rebel in future. He is very young, but not too young to learn that if you plant thistles you cannot expect to gather roses.'

Many times within the next few hours the two people who loved them most took peeps at the young rebels. There were plenty of cakes, biscuits and fruits in the school-room, or they might have been driven to call for help sooner, but, as it was, the shadows of evening came on, and only the blaze from the fire lighted the room.

There had been plenty of fun and laughter, but Mrs. Causton felt sad as she saw the children gradually getting fretful and tired, till at last they all settled to sleep on the couch in positions more or less uncomfortable.

'The fire is nearly out, nurse,' said Mrs. Causton, 'so they are quite safe. I will get my supper, and you can do the same.'

'But we can't go to bed and leave them like that,' said nurse.

'I don't think there will be the least chance of it,' said Mrs. Causton. 'The next thing will be that one or two of them will tumble down.'

Sure enough within half-an-hour there was such a commotion as had never been known at Silverton Lodge.

Jack fell off the sofa, and woke with a scream, then, terrified at finding himself out of his own little cot, set up a shriek for nurse and mother which would not be silenced, while the bigger children, cold and stiff from their uncomfortable positions, could not refrain from loud complaints.

'Get the door open!' cried Madge. 'I'm afraid to move for fear of knocking myself against the furniture.'

'It's all very well to say get the door open,' replied Frank in a suspiciously choky voice. 'I don't know where the key is. Nurse! Nurse! Open the door quick! We want to go to bed.'

And so ended the rebellion at Silverton Lodge, for Mrs. Causton opened the little window and the children were dragged one at a time through it. A rather ignominious ending to such a very noisy beginning; but half-an-hour afterwards they were all happily tucked up in bed, having sleepily resolved that rebellion may sound very nice but obedience feels better.

The Story of a Library.

(Pansy, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

My story is about a literature committee whose problem was how to help in a small village, with a large outlying country district, and with no public library or Sabbath-school library to depend upon; how to help those who would like to read, and had but little chance, and how, above all, to help those who, not being used to much reading,

were growing up without feeling their deprivation. The Christian Endeavor society was small, and certainly their problem was large.

For some time they got no farther than 'Is there anything that we can do?' After a time they advanced, and said, 'What is there that we can do?' And then, one day, they took great strides and said, 'We must and will do "something."' Of course, then there was a sense in which it was as good as done.

You know, without my telling you, that it required sacrifice. All things worth doing seem to have their roots centred in that word.

One young woman, a lover of good books, was made chairman of the committee. She was a farmer's daughter. By patient denial of many little luxuries dear to youth and cultured taste, and by the firm lopping off of some branches that had been falsely named 'necessities,' she had, through the years, saved money enough to buy occasionally a choice book and hold it as her very own. None but those who truly love books can appreciate what pleasure there is in such ownership.

It was on the day when they had voted that they must and would do 'something' that she almost took their breaths away by immediately doing it. She gave every one of her cherished volumes—not many—as a nucleus, and behold the 'public library' was started! On a small scale, you think? In one sense it was; in another it was a very large scale. How much does self-sacrifice weigh, I wonder?

Through that winter were added fifteen more books, gifts from those who were stimulated, by example, to like endeavor.

Then came a plan for a 'book reception.' Invitations, accompanied with careful explanations, were sent out in all directions. Each guest was to be admitted by book instead of card. The book was to be new, purchased expressly for the public library; and, if it cost as much as seventy-five cents, was to entitle its donor to a year's use of the library without charge. Its title and the name of the author were to be reported to the committee before the book was purchased, and no book would be received that had not been favorably passed upon by every member of their reading committee. This rule was at once recognized as having its roots in common sense. For no committee would have a right to agree to be responsible for reading-matter that they had not themselves examined. Of course, those who chose to bring the price of a book, leaving the selection to be made by the committee, had a right to do so. These, and many other plans connected with the reception, were carefully matured long beforehand.

A choice literary programme was prepared for the entertainment of the guests. At first, with only local talent to depend upon, this was thought to be impossible; but afterwards the committee eschewed the use of that word 'impossible,' and found, to the surprise of many, that local talent is capable of a great deal, if there are those wise enough to call it out. Given a committee that means to succeed, and it succeeds.

That book reception was voted a complete success, viewed from whatever standpoint one looked at it. A large number of choice books was added to the little 'nucleus,' and interest and co-operation were enlisted from people who before this had not so much as known whether there was a Christian Endeavor society in their neighborhood.

A Change of Heart.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

(By Abby Felton, in 'Union Signal.')

CHAPTER I.

In a western city one morning in early summer, a little flower-vender took her timid stand at a corner where one of the principal business streets of the town forms the limit to a side street in which the dwellings are of the meanest description, and which straggles off at the farther end into the merest slums.

The girl is not, like so many street vendors, a dark-eyed Italian with stringy, elfin locks, tied under a red kerchief or checkered shawl, bare, brown feet, and a look of age and weariness already stamped upon her small features. A tiny, delicate child of ten, with a fair, sweet face shaded by a cloud of long, golden curls, eyes of softest blue, garments patched and faded but tastefully made and beautifully neat, and an aspect and bearing indicative of high breeding—a fact which is promptly recognized by a troupe of boys strolling idly along the side street, alert for the mischief ever awaiting the idle boy's arrival.

''Rah for the 'ristocrat!' shouts the foremost of the troupe, in the jubilant tones of a discoverer who has found a prize rich beyond his wildest expectations.

'Does yer dear mammy know yer out?' mocks another, leering impudently into her face.

'Give us a posy for a button-yere!' cries a third, as he ruthlessly plunders the basket, selects a choice rose, and with smirks and grimaces fastens it to his threadbare coat.

'Prithee, fair maid, presint thy willin' knight one leetle curl from thy bloomin' 'ead, me daisy,' pleads the Tom Sawyer of the group in a ridiculous mixture of dime novel patois and schoolboy slang, as he elbows the others aside, seizes a shining tress and threatens to sever it with his open pocket-knife.

But the cruel pastime is shortlived. A passing lady, dressed in mourning garb, hearing the cries and suspecting mischief, comes to the rescue, and the graceless vandals take to their heels, flinging back gibes and jeers as they go.

'Poor little girlie! Why, child, where did you come from? What is your name?' questions the woman excitedly as her eyes rest upon the upturned face.

Mrs. Van Deren has encountered one of those instances of marvellous resemblance which, though curious, are not uncommon nor remarkable, since nature must fashion her countless millions from a limited number of types. Here on a familiar street corner has suddenly appeared a stranger so like the child she has lost that in the first instant of bewildered surprise she almost fancies she is looking into the vanished face.

'Mamma calls me Goldilocks, but my real name is Edna.'

'Edna!'

Mrs. Van Deren is now thoroughly interested in the beautiful and mysterious little stranger, who in both name and features seems to restore her own to her again. Learning that the girl's mother is ill, and observing a singular reticence on the part of the child concerning her father, she resolves to investigate the circumstances further.

In an upper room of a hovel fast falling into decay, at the farther and poorer end of the street, little Edna's mother was found. The bare, uneven floor, the worn and scanty furniture, the absence of every comfort, and the wretchedness of the surroundings, all gave evidence of an extreme of poverty and privation and combined with the delicacy and refinement of the invalid to present a touching and pitiful scene.

Mrs. Van Deren related the singular circumstances through which she had become interested in 'Goldilocks,' expressed her own ready sympathy, and soon won her way to the heart and confidence of the sick woman.

The story is but a simple, oft-told tale.

Mr. Strong, reared in one of Boston's wealthiest and most aristocratic suburbs, in a home where wines and champagne were in daily use, had been taught by precept and example that it is a public confession of weakness to be afraid of or to refuse them, that a man is no man at all who does not hold himself free to use them in so-called moderation.

It was not until some years after their marriage and removal to the West that Mr. Strong became hopelessly enslaved by that love of wine which had been created and fostered in his father's house. By insensible but sure degrees, it had gained the mastery. Business neglected, then ruined; subordinate positions secured and lost; a precarious support obtained through Mrs. Strong's knowledge of music and embroidery, and her subsequent yielding to the mental and physical strain; the family reduced to penury; these were the successive steps by which they had been brought to that condition wherein the present was dark and bitter and the future hopeless.

Throughout her narrative Mrs. Strong had retained her self-control, but at its close, realizing anew the hopelessness of the situation, she burst into uncontrollable weeping, and Mrs. Van Deren could not but recognize that in a case like this arguments were out of place. Moreover, she now felt strangely averse to attempting any defence of customs for which until this day she had reasoned most valiantly. Subdued and thoughtful, she took her leave, and as she slowly and meditatively wended her way toward her own palatial home, she was conscious that new, though as yet hardly defined thoughts, were beginning to stir within her.

The morning's adventure produced a singular effect upon Mrs. Van Deren. She had, in fact, experienced an 'arrest of thought' upon the subject of wine drinking, and she now eagerly sought the seclusion of her own room where, undisturbed, she might think out her way to a clear and honest conclusion. As she turned the key in her door she was fain to acknowledge to herself that she had arrived at a 'turning of the ways,' and that before that key should be reversed in its socket she would have met and passed a crisis in her life.

Mrs. Van Deren was a thoroughly good, actively benevolent woman, but with very liberal views concerning amusements and wine-drinking., Her great force of character, social influence and abundant means made her an object of intense desire to the temperance forces of her city. Wine was an important and ever-present accessory to her table, both as a beverage and as a flavoring in sauce and pastry.

Mrs. Van Deren had a son, a bright, handsome fellow of eighteen—in his widowed mother's eyes the brightest, handsomest fellow in all the world—already a 'Soph,' and sure to be the valedictorian of his class. Although hitherto she herself would have been the first to scoff at the idea of danger to her son in the social glass, she now recalled, as she sat in the expectant silence of her room 'pondering all these things in her heart,' that more than once of late when he had re-

turned later than usual from his club she had noticed that his eyes were dilated, his cheeks flushed beyond their usual hue of health, and his manner too hilarious to satisfy her sense of decorum,—for she invariably waited to receive Tom's good-night kiss which, college boy though he was, he had never yet omitted.

It is altogether easy to say, leniently of boys in general, 'Oh, boys must sow their wild oats;' but when it comes to that individual sowing of this baneful seed which, more likely than not, will bring in a harvest of grief to one's self and of wreck and ruin to one's own particular boy,—then, 'Oh, then it is a different thing altogether!'

Somehow, this afternoon, when Tom's mother had shut herself in alone with these newly-stirring but insistent thoughts, she could not, reason as she might, see these things in their old familiar light. In some inexplicable way, the figure of that other boy, reared in the élite circles of suburban Boston, rich, handsome, bright, and debonair, and his later self, wrecked, ruined, inhabiting the slums; somehow, in all the sure gradations of that terrible transformation the figure of that other boy would take on the features of her own beloved Tom. To her newly anointed eyes, which seemed to pierce the gossamer veil between the actual present and the invisible future, this persistently intruding vision appeared the prophecy of a possible future for her boy.

In vain she argued that she was tired, excited, overwrought by the events of the morning. Mrs. Van Deren had been rudely but effectually shocked out of her old-time easy dreaming of an assured future of happiness and greatness for her only son. She was awake now—fully, painfully awake—to the inexorable fact that, after all, there was nothing 'in the very nature of things,' as she had so confidently believed, that could be trusted to withhold the footsteps of her boy more than those of another when once those steps should have 'taken hold on hell.' And, oh! the pain of realizing that he who was once a curly-headed prattler by his mother's knee, might live to one day execrate that mother in his heart of hearts because her trusted hand, the guide-board of his young life, had pointed him to the broad and easy way that led to his destruction!

CHAPTER II.

Bitter is the struggle of a soul in its mortal conflict between newly discerned truth and some dearly cherished error or sin which retains its hold with a mighty death grapple, whose releasing is like the thrust of that sword which pierces even to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow! But be the struggle never so bitter, it is less terrible than that deep, benumbing sleep—the narcotism induced by pillowing on sophistry and wrapping in the garments of sloth or sin, for at the last those garments become a winding sheet enshrouding one's every hope of happiness in this world and the world to come.

It was characteristic of Mrs. Van Deren that she should meet the issue squarely and bravely when it was once clearly defined: indulgence with its fearful but inexorable price—wreck and ruin more or less complete for the one dearer to her than life—total abstinence with its guerdon of hope for the safety of her only son, her idolized Tom! In such a choice what to her were the pleasures of indulgence, the tyranny of social custom or the dictum of the world?

The enlightenment was complete and the decision was final. From that hour intoxicants were banished from her life. From that hour dust and cobwebs began to collect before the sealed door of her wine cellar.

Fanatic? Yea, verily. For of such stuff are true fanatics made. Protagonist rather let us call them, without whom any cause however righteous must languish and die. We should not forget that the original meaning of the term 'fanatic' was 'one who is inspired by divinity.' Shall we not, with Lady Henry Somerset, define a fanatic as the first man who sees a question? When more see it he is called an enthusiast, and when everybody sees it he is a hero.

The readjustment of her life implied in Mrs. Van Deren's change of heart and of creed involved problems not easily solved. Could she uproot the sentiments which she herself had planted and fostered in the heart of her son, and resow the no longer virgin soil with the better seed? The mother's empire is during the formative period of life. Could she hope successfully to contend with those later influences—such as the temptations of club and college life—with which her boy was now surrounded?

Clearly, it were unwise to enter upon the work unaided and alone. To whom could she turn for help? At last, with a heroism born of self-abnegation, this widowed mother resolved to send her son abroad for some years of travel and study with a tutor specially commissioned with this delicate trust. Granville Felton was admirably fitted both by nature and by training for the position. Of magnetic presence, he was also a man of ripe judgment, unswerving integrity and devotion to principle. Educated for the law, he had experienced one of those sudden and rare conversions which in men of fine, intellectual fibre affect the whole outlook and tenor of life, had prepared himself for the ministry, and was now glad of the opportunity thus afforded him to travel for a time before entering upon the duties of a settled pastor.

Unquestionably, Mrs. Van Deren had an attack of despondency, as her red, swollen eyes and distraught manner attested. Tom was actually gone, and the reaction from her heroic mood was upon her. Opportune, then, was the coming of good old Dr. Bancroft, whose bluff, hearty manner, his mighty laugh reverberating from the depths of his broad chest, and his sympathetic hand-clasp, were like catholicon to patient and friend.

'Thrice welcome, doctor, for yourself and for the good news you evidently bring—for your very presence breathes beneficence, and joy in the doing of some good deed shines like a halo—'

'Tut, tut, what a saint I must be! But any one with half a heart must feel for those protégés of yours.'

'Mine!'

'Well, ours, if you like. Mr. Strong evidently appreciates his own weakness and desires to regain the mastery over himself.'

'He knows it is impossible for him to be a moderate or even an occasional drinker. Why attempt the unattainable? Hence there is no motive, no incentive, left.'

'In my judgment total abstinence alone can save Mr. Strong, but his early training has effectively fortified him against argument or persuasion. Seriously, the man must be 'born again,' as we say. He must be placed where the eyes of his understanding will unconsciously open upon a world altogether new to him, where, among people he is prepared thoroughly to respect, abstinence is regarded as in the highest degree honorable and the evidence of strength rather than of weakness; where, with the very air he breathes, and without argument, he will unwittingly imbibe new ideas and new ideals.'

Doctor Bancroft then announced his purpose to take Mr. Strong into his own employ as secretary, office attendant and carriage companion. He was also fitting up a small cottage for the use of the family, and during the interval Mr. Strong should be a member of his own household.

'He will thus be under my constant supervision—a sort of prisoner, you perceive.'

'A prisoner of hope!' said Mrs. Van Deren softly.

'It shall go hard with him if I do not proselytize him to my 'hobby,' as you used to call it before you mounted the steed yourself.'

'And a very good charger it is, as I mean to demonstrate before I have done,' stoutly affirmed Mrs. Van Deren. 'And Mrs. Strong?'

'The care of Mrs. Strong will afford just the light occupation desirable for one of my trained nurses during an interval of rest at her sister's home in the country.'

'What a delightful arrangement! My protégés indeed!'

Dr. Bancroft executed his wise and fatherly scheme with skill and fidelity. In his house the young man found a new world. There were the affluence, the culture, the high breeding of his early home. But there was something more than these. Here delightful conclaves of the intellectual cream of the city were held without the aid of the indispensable wine. Here was a broader humanity, ever reaching out to seek and to save; a self-excluding Christianity which resolves to eat no meat and drink no wine while the world stands if it cause a brother to offend.

Here Mr. Strong became a man again, a man after a new and higher ideal, and the joy of the reunion was the joy of those who had been raised from a living death and restored to hope and happiness, while the satisfaction and delight of the dear old doctor were shared to the full by his zealous ally in the scheme.

Nor was Mrs. Van Deren less successful in her own personal venture. Three years abroad in intimate companionship with the broad culture and noble manhood of Granville Felton developed Tom into as fine a fellow as even his fond mother could wish to see. A course of medical study after his return, rounded off by two years in the German schools, culminated in an immediate partnership with Dr. Bancroft.

Edna Strong grew into that spirituelle type of beauty which seems but to shadow forth the loveliness within. About a year after Tom became the 'Co.' of his firm, she was graduated from the university, and it would have been hard to decide which of all her friends was happiest. There was 'the old doctor,' with his benignant face and now whitened hair, rapturously applauding her 'marvellous' theme; her father and mother uniquely happy and prosperous; Mrs. Van Deren, who had lavished upon her foster child all those advantages which her own daughter would have enjoyed; and last, but by no means least, Tom himself.

Romance? Well, and what, pray, could be more natural? Their personal histories so curiously interwoven; the young lady's grateful love for her foster-mother; the young man's ready disposition to accommodate himself to circumstances and interest himself in his mother's beautiful ward—given these and what but romance could come of them?

It was a delightful and, as Tom declared, a 'complete' happening when a short while before the marriage of the young people Granville Felton became their pastor; for who

could officiate on that occasion so acceptably as Tom's affectionate tutor?

His coming also gave to Mrs. Van Deren a most zealous ally in her pet beneficence, the work of winning young men in college to total abstinence principles. In the upper story of her house a spacious hall was fitted up with books, pictures, musical instruments, and all beautiful appliances, as a social nucleus for the work. 'Felton Institute' this enterprise was facetiously christened by her friends, and many an anxious mother had occasion to render thanks that here her son had been won from fast forming habits of downward tendency to a free and strong Christian manhood.

Reader, name this story as you may elect: A Change of Heart, or an Exchange of Hearts.

Serving the Lord with a Dish-Cloth.

The Renwicks lived in a little out-of-the way place in Kansas, and Aunt Mildred had been spending the summer with them. There were seven members of the Renwick family — papa, mamma, and five children, the eldest of which was Esther, a pretty, piquant lassie of twelve, who belonged to the Juniors over in Auburndale, a little village three miles away.

Usually Esther was a very good girl, who, with her cheery words and smiles, was a real source of comfort to her parents. But when the hour of dish-washing came—as it did regularly three times each day — there would be a slight scowl near the eyebrows and a doleful pucker of the rosebud lips, of this otherwise lovely maiden.

Esther loved to attend her flower beds, from which she every day gathered fragrant bouquets to beautify their pleasant, humble home. She also loved to care for Baby Lou, the pet of the household, and would trundle her in her cab for an hour at a time if she could only go down and have her playmate, Helen Berkly, go with her.

It was the long vacation of the year while Aunt Mildred was there, so Mrs. Renwick was doing a quantity of sewing while she had her sister to assist her, consequently Esther had more dish-washing to do than at any other season of the year.

It was a sultry July afternoon, and even the long-legged chickens were going about with their wings spread to 'fan themselves,' as four-year-old Robbie said. Aunt Mildred had seated herself upon the little rustic porch upon the north side of the house, 'to get the faintest breath of air,' she had said, while she had basted a muslin waist for Esther, to stitch on the machine when it grew cooler.

Esther had had the table upon which she washed dishes carried out by papa and Otis so she could chat with Aunt Mildred, so the dish-washing would not be so 'unendurable,' she had said. And yet the scowl and pucker had already appeared.

'There are sixteen plates and seven cups and saucers, and, dear me! I could not tell how much beside,' said Esther, in a voice from which all of the glad music had died out.

'Did you ever hear of serving the Lord with a dish-cloth?' asked Aunt Mildred, from her low rocker.

Esther paused with wide-open eyes, as if in doubt of auntie's saneness.

Aunt was always so particular in regard to what she said, Esther thought the name of the Lord and a dish-cloth being contained within the same sentence, smacked of irreverence, and Aunt Mildred had always been so reverent.

'There is nothing incongruous in this, dear Esther. The Lord desires to have us make him very near us in all our daily duty. You remember it says, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord."'

'Yes, aunt; but at first it seemed so strange.'

'I know, dear, one is not used to it; but when I baste or sew the long seams these hot, sultry afternoons, when I would prefer being out underneath a shade tree beside some running brook, I endeavor to content myself by thinking that I am doing something to help your mother, and that is what the Lord wants me to do. If we do ever so little to help one and do it cheerfully, we do it for him. Did you ever think of it?'

'No, indeed. But it is a beautiful thought.'

'And done for one of the least, it is done for Jesus, and he accepts it as done for him.'

'Why, auntie, that great pile of dshes has nearly disappeared! Just see! there are only the tin dishes left.'

'And I see by the sunshine on your face you have done it for him.'

'I've tried to. I don't think dish-washing will ever seem quite the same to me again.'

'I trust not. I could have helped you to do it, but, if I had, I might have failed of having your dress done by next Sunday, and such weather as this would not have been comfortable for the wearing of a thick dress. Then, too, you have gained self-control which will help you as long as you live.'

'Yes, and dish-washing has attained a degree of respectability since it can be done as unto the Lord,' said Esther, in a low tone.—'Sunday-School Evangelist.'

A Cradle on a Wall,

IN WHICH GIRL-BABIES NOT WANTED ARE PLACED.

One of the saddest things in the life of the common people in the East, and especially in China, is the absolute indifference to the

value of female childhood. The touching question of our English poet:

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?'

has a cruel answer in the Celestial Empire. There, both father and mother seem quite destitute of parental feeling, if their child is in any way a hindrance to their comfort.

This great blemish in the national character only affects the possession of baby-girls. Every son is carefully looked after, for he it is who can offer worship to ensure the happiness of his ancestors, whilst a girl's devotions in this matter are believed to be unavailing. Hence a girl-baby is of no account in lower-class Chinese households. She is considered as merely one more mouth to be filled; and various methods are resorted to to get rid of such an encumbrance.

Sometimes the tiny infant girl is killed, or it is left by the river-bank or roadside for some compassionate person to rescue. Another method is that shown in our picture. Here we see a basket which is fastened on the wall outside the city of Swatow. In this receptacle newly-born girls are laid by their parents who do not wish to keep them. Only by the goodness of the passers-by is the little one saved from a lingering death.

Happily the Chinese authorities are awakening to this terrible evil, and, on the advice of the missionaries, are seeking to stamp out such an inhuman practice.—'Sunday Companion.'

His 'Practical Brotherhood.'

(Clara J. Denton, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

'Oh, here is just what we want,' exclaimed Mrs. Royal, as she led her party into one of the coaches of an excursion train that was soon to start for Washington. She paused beside four vacant seats in the centre of the coach, two on each side of the aisle. 'We'll turn two of these seats over,' she continued, 'and you who don't mind riding backwards may take the reversed seats.'

With merry laughter and many expressions of felicitation, the party of eight bestowed themselves and their belongings in the designated places.

'How fortunate we are,' said Mildred Howells. 'I hope every one who goes on this excursion will be as well suited with their seats as we are.'

'Indeed,' replied Ella Murray, her seatmate, 'it doesn't seem like "fortune" to me, it is rather owing to Mrs. Royal's good judgment in telling us all not to wait for the street car, but to take hacks, so as to be here promptly, at 6.15. It was pretty hard to crawl out of bed at 5 a.m., but now, you see, we have our reward.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Royal, 'and the lazy ones who turned over for another nap, and who will come rushing in at the last moment will think those who have seats to suit them are abominably selfish.'

People were now beginning to pour into the car and the seats were filling rapidly.

'There, Ella,' whispered Mildred, as a striking looking young man came briskly up the aisle and took the only wholly vacant seat left in the coach, 'that is the young man, Ernest Potter, that I told you about. The one, you remember, who made that thrilling speech at the "Social Science" club last week. They say he is only twenty-one years old, but his gift of language is simply wonderful; he seemed so sincere, too. He made the most stirring appeal for the practical brotherhood of man. He said there has been too much high talk and fine-spun sentiment on the subject, and what we want now is earnest, kindly doing.'

'Well,' said Ella,' 'it seems to me the "Sermon on the Mount" is a pretty safe guide in that way. I can't believe any set of people calling themselves a "social science club" can evolve a better ethical system.'

'Perhaps not,' said Mildred, 'but you know very well, Ella, we don't live the Sermon on the Mount.'

'That is our own fault,' was the reply, 'the model is there, and if we don't follow that neither will we follow any code laid down by a "social science club." Speeches, fine talk, and all that are well enough, but it needs something more to bring on a better social system.'

'Yes,' said Mildred, eagerly, 'that's just what young Potter said; it is the daily life that counts.'

'Nothing very new in that, I'm sure,' said Ella, a little scornfully. 'I've been taught that from my babyhood, and so have you.'

'Yes, but it sounded new when young Potter talked. Some way, I can't tell whether it was because of his new manner of presenting it, or because of his evident sincerity.'

'Or,' said Ella, teasingly, 'because of his extraordinary good looks. Oh,' she continued in an entirely different tone, 'there come young Lyon and his sister, how pretty they look this morning, and they are always so lovely to each other. Have you ever met them?'

'No,' replied Mildred, indifferently, 'I never saw them before. Who are they?'

'He is a book-keeper and she is a stenographer. You must have seen them, for they come to our church regularly. I think every Sunday that I'll go and introduce myself to them, then I begin talking to people I know and so forget all about them until they are gone.'

The two young people stood near the door of the coach and looked up and down the aisle. There were several single seats vacant but they were all wide apart except one next to young Potter and the other just behind it in a reversed seat. Here they finally placed themselves, the brother sitting next to Potter and the sister sitting in the reversed seat. Thus by twisting themselves around they could talk to each other. In the reversed seat beside the sister was a genteel looking man, and opposite him his wife and a beautiful child about two years old.

After the brother and sister had occupied their uncomfortable positions for a few minutes, an idea seemed to come to the young man and, turning toward the apostle of 'practical brotherhood,' he asked him very courteously if he would mind changing seats with his sister, so that they might be together.

Young Potter raised his eyebrows superciliously, as if astonished at the effrontery of this request, and then scanned critically the personnel of the group which he was asked to join.

'Well,' he replied, lazily, 'I wouldn't mind changing with her if it wasn't for that baby, but I don't like to be near babies, they make me uncomfortable, one never knows what they'll do. You ought to have got here earlier, young fellow,' he continued patronizingly, "first come, first served," you know.'

Young Lyon made no reply to this axiom, but turning in his seat again, he whispered a few words to his sister, they then turned their backs to each other, evidently deciding to give up all attempts at conversation.

'We might change with them,' whispered Ella.

'I would if it wasn't for one thing,' said Mildred. 'I couldn't endure to sit next to that humbug, Potter. Where is his "practical brotherhood" now?'

'Yes,' said Ella, 'and I haven't a doubt those children were up before he was. You see they live next door to a cousin of mine, and I've heard a good deal about them from her. Their work supports a widowed invalid mother and two younger children. I am so glad they are taking this trip, it is so seldom they allow themselves any recreation. Cousin says the young girl does a great deal of the family housekeeping, and her mother helps her in every possible way, wiping the dishes for her every evening, and even scrubbing the kitchen floor on Saturday nights. I'll warrant you they were up this morning at four o'clock.'

'They do look fagged out, poor things,' said Mildred, 'and they seem so young, too; she can't be more than sixteen.'

'She isn't,' said Ella, 'and he's only eighteen. Come, let us change with them, you and I have plenty of time for chatting at home, and as to our comfort on the train, think of the trips we have taken already this year in parlor coaches.'

'Yes,' said Mildred, 'and I can imagine how it would seem to them to have a whole day's ride and uninterrupted conversation together. Why can't Potter put himself in the brother's place a minute?'

'Well, come on, I'll sit next the "humbug" as you rightly call him, and if there's anything in thought transference, the burning thoughts I send him will consume his self-esteem to ashes.'

Ella rose, but at this moment a man came rushing through the coach scanning the faces as he went.

'Oh, there you are, Potter,' he exclaimed, darting forward. 'We heard you were going to take in this excursion, and I've been clear through the train looking for you. We want you in the other coach. I was afraid I wouldn't find you before we started.'

'Oh,' I'm very comfortable here,' said Potter nestling into his corner cosily.

'Yes,' but we want you in there to talk to an old hard-head we've found. He talks about the rights of capital, the rewards of persistent effort, and the "first come, first served" principle. He has floored all of us in there, but we know you can knock him out in the first round.'

'Got a good seat for me?' said Potter, without making any motion toward rising.

'Oh, yes, we have one waiting there for you on the shady side, and near an open window; come on! There are some men in there who have never heard you speak, and are talking of having some lectures in their town on "practical brotherhood," so you'll not lose anything by coming, you see.'

At this young Potter arose and, without even a glance at the patient 'brother' beside him, he strode out of the coach.

'Well,' said Ella, as she dropped into her seat again, 'that is the way with most of the fine-spun theorists who are seeking to put something in the place of New Testament religion. Their brotherhood, like that of the Brahmins, is entirely a brotherhood of the mouth.'

Power of the Fifty-First Psalm.

It is impossible to comprehend the power of the fifty-first Psalm upon the race. Kings, scholars and cottagers have read it with the same spiritual profit. It was the death song of the French Protestants in the times that for cruelty had few equals. It was sung by George Wishart when taken prisoner before his martyrdom in St. Andrews. Its opening verse was the dying cry of the Scottish martyr, Thomas Forret, whose grave was green a quarter of a century before Scotland became free from ecclesiastical tyranny. Its cry for mercy was repeated by Lady Jane Grey upon the fateful day of her own and her husband's death. Its burning words broke from the lips of John Huss at the place of his execution, near Constance. John Rogers repeated its confessions and triumphant paeans on the way to the fires of Smithfield. The words of the Hebrew psalmist were spoken by Sir Thomas Moore—'who was famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom'—as he laid his head upon the block. Its seventeenth verse, written by St. Augustine upon the wall of his sick chamber, did not make the text any the less real to the German reformer. The seventh verse of this same Psalm was found on a tablet of copper amid the eternal snows on the highest peak of the earth's surface, near Cape Beechy. 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'—'Last Days.'

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Sentimentality and Politics—'La Perseveranza,' Milan.
Mr. Dooley on Disqualifying the Enemy.
The Powers in China—New York 'Tribune.'
The Franco-Russian Alliance—'The Nation,' New York.
Russia and the Balkans and Austria-Hungary—By Pester Lloyd, in 'Public Opinion.'
All the World's Wages—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Alfred—'The Pilot,' London.
The British Association and Education—'The Times,' London.
The New French Schoolboy—'The Outlook,' London.
Murtherous Football—Birmingham 'Post.'
Middle-Age and Lavender—By Evelyn Sharp, in 'The Westminster Budget.'
Canada Shows the Way—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
How to Enjoy a Garden—'The Standard,' London.
Exploring in Arabia—Vienna Correspondence of the London 'Post.'
What a City Detective Remembers.

Something About the Arts.

Dürer's Work—Abridged from 'Albrecht Dürer'—By Charlotte L. Laurie, in 'Cheltenham College Magazine.'
Happiness—'The Spectator,' London.
In More or Less Praise of Music-Halls—Conrad Noel in 'The Commonwealth" London.
Amiens Cathedral and Ruskin—Extract, from article in 'Journal des Débats,' by André Michel. Translated for 'World Wide.

Concerning Things Literary.

Lines to the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., in answer to a letter—By William Watson, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Love's Day—Verse, 'The Pilot,' London.
Twin Brothers—Verse, H. J. S., in 'Temple Bar.'
Crabbe—'The Academy,' London.
God's Way—Verse, by Gilchrist Wilson, in 'The Spectator,' London.
Mr. Birrell's Edition of Boswell—'The Standard,' London.
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The Tyranny of Fashion—'The Pilot,' London.
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A Nutting Party.

(Anna D. Walker, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The party consisted of five people; Freddie and Jamie Wilsey, Larry Irvin, Israel Clarke, and Mr. Wilsey. Yes, there were two more, little five-year-old Jessie Wilsey and Shag, the great St. Bernard dog.

The Wilseys were from Shady Dell farm, and Mr. Wilsey was the grandfather of Freddie, Jamie and Jessie. Israel was the chore boy of the farm; and Larry was a poor boy who had spent the summer with the Wilseys.

The day was crisp and bright—a genuine October day, when we may be sure the nuts are only waiting for our coming. The horses were lively, the children merry, grandpa genial, and Israel just the indispensible person who could drive the team, shake the trees, laugh with the children, and obey Mr. Wilsey's orders. Shag ran with and after the waggon, so glad that he had occasionally to stop and bark just to express himself upon the pleasant subject, a nutting party.

After a most enjoyable ride of eight or nine miles, our party came to the foot of a mountain, and upon the top of this mountain the nuts were to be gathered. The children deemed it a wonderful thing to ride up an ascent of a mile, and they laughed and shouted when the feat was accomplished.

And now they all fell to gathering nuts. Freddie and Jamie, little farmer boys, were very quick in finding the red-brown chestnuts, or the round white walnuts, generally hidden in their green cover till a little force brings them out of it. But Larry made poor work of it, so poor, that to his mortification he discovered that little Jessie's calico bag filled as fast as his own.

Now upon this mountain Mr. Wilsey owned a lot and a log house. The latter had been built for the convenience of the men when they came to look after the cattle which were put out in this rugged place to pasture.

After the hours of the morning had been occupied in gathering nuts the whole party went to the log house. Here they ate their lunch and rested from their rather laborious work. And now it was concluded that they would better start for home early, and not try to obtain any more nuts.

IN PENSIVE MOOD.

Everyone but Larry was satisfied with this decision. But he, poor boy, had so few in his bag that he was ashamed to let the comparison appear between his and the other boys'.

Now what a great pity it is that sin and Satan try to force themselves into even the pleasantest gatherings! They uninvited thrust themselves into the great farm waggon that afternoon and caused Larry to do a wicked deed.

The boy sat in the bottom of the vehicle upon a pile of straw; the bags of nuts lay within his reach, and the thought came to his heart to rob others to increase himself. Larry had not been well taught before coming into the good Wilsey family and without much parley with conscience he yielded to the wrong suggestion. First, he slyly took Jessie's bag and emptied it into his own, and threw the bag away. Then he as covertly untied that belonging to Jamie and from it took two generous handfuls; purposely leaving the bag loose so it might by accident seem to have slipped the string. Now he drew a sigh of temporary relief, feeling that his quantity of nuts would compare favorably with Harry's and Jamie's.

All went well enough outwardly till home was reached, and then some discoveries were made. Jessie's bag was missing, the string of Jamie's was untied, and the nuts were rolling around the wagon. And when he had gathered up the scattered ones he stoutly declared that his quantity was considerably lessened, and that Larry must have taken some of them, for his bag was much fuller than when they left the woods.

Larry as stoutly insisted in a denial of his guilt. He cried, and with sobs exclaimed that he was a very badly used boy; and it was just because he was poor that the others dared to accuse him.

Poor little Jessie wept over her loss, Jamie was indignant over his, and amid it all the wretched Larry wandered off to the barn where Israel was engaged in doing up the work for the night.

The chore-boy looked up sharply as the other entered, and at once cried, 'What is the matter with you? You look glum?'

'Matter enough! Jamie says I took some of his nuts, and every-one of them says I threw Jessie's away. Isn't it mean, Israel, to accuse me so?'

'I don't know,' answered Israel, 'It's according to whether you did it or not.'

The color mounted to Larry's forehead and he began vehemently to deny any knowledge of the affair when Israel stopped him shortly.

'Look here, boy,' he cried, 'what's this?' and from his pocket he produced Jessie's limp bag. 'I saw just what you did,' he continued. 'Didn't I walk while Harry drove? Didn't I see this bag come over the side of the waggon. I knew you were the only one sitting in the bottom and I watched you. So now you had better tell the truth and be done with this.'

Larry, caught and cornered, seized the little bag Israel held out to him, went to his own store of nuts he had brought to the barn with him, took out as many as he thought were justly Jessie's and put them into the bag, Then taking all, he went slowly down to the house, sobbing as he went.

Not feeling bold enough to go into the presence of the assembled family, he called 'Jamie! Jamie!'

The younger boy heard and came running out. 'What do you want, Larry?' he cried.

'Well,' sobbed Larry, 'I—I—did —take—the nuts, and I want—to —to—give them — back — again! Here's Jessie's'; and he handed Jamie the smaller bag as he spoke. 'And now,' he added, 'you take just what you think belongs to you out of here,' opening the bag to the fullest extent.

Jamie, touched to pity by the distress, took only a small handful of nuts; and then seized Larry's hand, led him into the house and helped him tell his story.

Pardon was granted and more pains than ever were taken to teach the poor, hitherto neglected boy the great difference between right and wrong.

READY FOR SUPPER.

Be Satisfied.

Long, long ago, a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day.

'How much nicer it would be to live in a house as men do,' said the robin. 'There's a black cloud in the sky, and I'm sure its going to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the leaves, and my feathers will be damp.' I fear I'll take cold and lose my voice.'

'I have to hide away, too, when it rains,' said the butterfly. ''Twould be a great pity if the rain washed off my lovely powder, and a big shower might drown me.'

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted. 'Why not go to live in that house now? The window's open. And she flew in at once. The robin was more cautious. He lighted on the window-sill and peeked around. 'I don't see any place for a nest.'

'Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house,' said his gay little friend. So Master Robin flew in and pearched on the first thing he found, which was a book; but he looked homesick. Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill pen and made believe it was a flower.

Pretty soon there were sounds and the robin listened as hard as he could.

'O papa!' a child's voice said, 'Look there! sh-sh! Keep still! You'll scare them! What a beautiful butterfly for your collection! And, papa, mayn't I have the bird in a cage? I'd like a robin with my canary.'

A man's voice answered low: 'Run around outside, deary, and close the window softly, so they can't get out.'

Master Robin's brains were wide awake now. He spoke quickly: 'That man's an en—ento—well, I can't say it, but he's crazy on insects, and he'll stick a pin through you, my lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a cage! I guess not! Let's fly!'

'O papa! they went out like a flash, and they's both gone!'

But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed happily to be out again in the free air. The black cloud was gone and the warm spring sun was shining on the garden beds of crocus and hyacinths. How beautiful it was to be out of doors! Living in a house was not compared to it.

'Better be content where our Maker meant us to live,' said Miss Butterfly. A wise afterthought of the highty-tighty little creature!—'Sunbeam.'

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 3.

Death of Joseph

Genesis l., 15-26. Memory verses 18-21.

Golden Text.

'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'—Psalm xc., 12.

Lesson Text.

(15) And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him. (16) And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, (17) So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil; and now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father. And Joseph wept when they spake unto him. (18) And his brethren also went and fell down before his face; and they said, Behold, we be thy servants. (19) And Joseph said unto them, Fear not: for I am in the place of God? (20) But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. (21) Now therefore, fear ye not; I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them. (22) And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he, and his father's house: and Joseph lived an hundred and ten years. (23) And Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation: the children also of Machir the son of Manasseh were brought up upon Joseph's knees. (24) And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die: and God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. (25) And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. (26) So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Notes.')

At Hebron, Jacob learns that his long-lost son is alive and is the governor of all Egypt. This news is too much for the patriarch, and his heart fails him. He is, however, reassured by a sight of the Egyptian waggons, which Joseph had sent to him loaded with presents. With all is belongings, he takes his journey into Egypt to meet his beloved son. On the way, the Lord encourages him. In Goshen, Joseph visits his father, and, as might be expected, the meeting between the two is very affecting. The governor presents his father and five of his brothers to Pharaoh, who declares that the best of the land is at their disposal. The famine continues over Egypt and the adjacent countries, but Joseph has plenty of corn. Of course, his family is provided for. At the age of 147, Jacob prepares to die. Joseph swears to him that he will bury him in the land of his fathers. The aged pilgrim charges his sons, gives commandment concerning his burial, and yields up the ghost. He is embalmed and buried in the cave of Machpelah, near Hebron. After the funeral Joseph and his brothers return to Egypt.

Joseph Comforts His Brothers.—Vs. 19-21. Am I in the place of God? That is, Am I to act as judge, and punish? Judges are sometimes in Hebrew even called God (as in Ex. xxi., 6; xxii., 8-9; 1 Sam. ii., 25), as exercising his authority.—'Handy Com.' 'Joseph understands, with perfect clearness, that we ought to forgive those who have injured us, that to take revenge is to usurp God's prerogative. No New Testament writer understands this more clearly than he.'—Professor Beecher.

Ye thought evil. Joseph recognizes the enormity of their sin, and it was best that they should not forget it, so that they might the more clearly understand how wondrously God had wrought. God meant it unto good. 'Joseph forgave, or facilitated forgiveness, by observing the good results of what had seemed so cruel. Good out of evil,—that is the strange history of this world, whenever we learn God's character." No thanks to you. Your sin dishonored you, though it will honor God. By our intentions, and not by the results, are our actions judged. Forgiveness becomes less difficult, your worst enemy becomes your best friend, if you transmute his evil by good. No one can permanently injure us but ourselves. No one can dishonor us. Joseph was immured in a dungeon; they spat on Christ. Did that sully the purity of the one, or lower the divine dignity of the other?'—Roberston.

Nourish.—Joseph thus promises to see that they will want for nothing. His position enabled him to keep this promise, so that the Israelites did not suffer until after his death. Your little ones. Hebrew, 'your tafs,' rendered in the LXX., 'your households,' and in the Syriac, 'your families,' your dependents—its usual translation in that version.—'Handy Com.' And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them. This is more than forgiveness: it is rendering good for evil. Another instance of the nobility of Joseph's character.

Joseph's Death.—Vs. 24-26.—I die. Willingly or unwillingly, this is the thought that everyone must entertain some time. Joseph could look forward to his death without a tremor. 'Dying he comforts others, manifests his own faith in God.'—Gray. God will surely visit you. Not in wrath and anger because of your sin, but to fulfil his promises to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.

Joseph took an oath. . . . ye shall carry up my bones from hence. 'Joseph, in faith (Heb. xi., 22) in the promises of God (Gen. lxvi., 4), prophesies the Exodus, and commands the removal of his own body accordingly. So strong is his faith in the event, that he does not command them to carry him immediately to Canaan. Or, perhaps he knows that after his death there would be no one with sufficient authority to carry out such a command.'—Alford. 'Joseph says in effect, "Keep my bones in Egypt. Ye shall carry them indeed to Canaan, but not in a mere funeral procession, as the bones of my father have gone. In triumph, not in sadness, shall they go; not as to a grave in a cave, but as to the broad and beautiful land of promise." There was nothing for Joseph to attach his faith to but the simple word of God. And yet, when he is dying, and sees all hope dead around him, he calmly says, 'God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. Of this it is said in Hebrew, "By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones." Well has the inspired writer chosen his illustration,—from the zenith of faith and the nadir of sight.'—Gibson.

Conclusion. Joseph: A Character Study. When those who have left an impress on their times pass away, it is customary to carefully review their life and character for the purpose of handing down to succeeding generations the lesson to be learned therefrom. The character of Joseph belongs to all times and to all lands. How then can we more fittingly close our study of his life than by considering the roots of his character, and, if possible, discover the tap root by which it was built up and sustained? It must be borne in mind that those things which we have seen and admired in Joseph were but the outward manifestations of those things which could not be put on and off, like a dress suit, but which were parts of the man himself. These characteristics were:—

1. Filial devotion. As a boy he loved and obeyed his father. As a man, high in worldly rank, he loved and honored him. The first steps in their downward course were taken by many when they began to disregard the fifth commandment.

2. Absolute honesty. In whatever position Joseph was placed, he was honest. This may seem to be a simple virtue, but oh! how it is lacking to-day!

3. Unselfishness. Another virtue that seems to be going out of fashion. 'Everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost' seems to be the motto of the world.

4. Humility. True, he seems to have had an early consciousness of his coming greatness, and to have spoken about it, but at every point he gave the glory to God. He regarded himself but the instrument, the wisdom and the power came from the Almighty.

5. Faith. This made all of the foregoing possible.

At this point, an up-to-date American might interpose and say, All well enough, so far as they go, but remember what a difference between these times and those in which Joseph lived. These are not the qualities that go to make a successful man in this age, when electricity has superseded the horses of Egypt. To be sure, times have changed, but Joseph manifested other elements of power, which the business man of to-day might well consider. They were: —

1. Resolution.
2. Enterprise.
3. Faithfulness in little things.
4. Patience.
5. Perseverance.
6. Evenness of disposition.'—Taylor.

These qualities would make a successful business or professional man to-day, and if joined to those mentioned in the other list, would make a second Joseph. Why divorce them?

What was the tap root of Joseph's character, and, therefore, the secret of his power? We have not far to search for our answer: He lived in the presence of God. To him, Jehovah was not an impersonality or a far-off deity, but an ever-present inspirer and helper, in whose presence he habitually moved. 'He was not self-poised, but God-poised.'

C. E. Topic.

Sun. Nov. 3.—Topic.—God's leading in our lives.—Psalm 23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRISTIAN LOYALTY.

Mon., Oct. 28.—The loyal tongue.—Ps. xxiv., 13.

Tues., Oct. 29.—Christian hands.—Eccl. ix., 10

Wed., Oct. 30.—Feet for Christ's service.—Isa. lii., 7.

Thu., Oct. 31.—Jesus in the heart.—Eph. iii., 17.

Fri., Nov. 1.—Our thoughts for Christ.—2 Cor x., 5.

Sat., Nov. 2.—Using eyes for Christ.—1 John i., 1-4.

Sun., Nov. 3.—Topic.—Loyalty to Jesus.—Matt. x., 38-39.

School Boys and Tobacco.

It may influence some people to be told that Lord Wolseley, Earl Roberts, General Buller, and Major-General Baden-Powell are all non-smokers. The last named is a propagandist. He has issued a pamphlet condemning juvenile smoking, and a Baden-Powell Non-Smoking League has been organized as the outcome of it. The Liverpool School Board—a no inconsiderable body—has circulated thousands of the pamphlets referred to through the school principals and headmasters, with the object of inducing boys to join the Non-Smoking League.

Edinburgh School Board was one of the first educative assemblies in Scotland to begin a crusade against juvenile cigarette smoking.

Enquiries regarding the effects of the habit were made of headmasters of English schools recently. The headmaster of Perse Grammar School, Cambridge, entirely condemns all smoking on the part of boys, believing that the habit has a very bad effect on their moral development.

Mr. F. W. Rodgers, M.A., headmaster of King Edward VI. School, Chelmsford, declares that a boy smoker is certainly a worse student than the ordinary lad, and is always known, or suspected, from being at the bottom of the class or form. The boy who smokes, according to this master's experience, is equally dull, dense, and generally stupid and indolent.

The headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar

School says that in nine cases out of ten the unsatisfactory boy is a smoker, and at Marlborough College the authorities absolutely prohibit it.

Dr. McClure, of Mill Hill School, says, 'If I knew a boy here to be a smoker he would either cease smoking or leave the school.'

An Edinburgh physician recently said that smoking by boys 'checks their growth, blunts their mental faculties, and ruins their morals. The cheap cigarettes they use are simply rank poison, and instances are known of death having been directly caused by their use.'—'Temperance Record.'

Cigarettes in Chicago.

Some Chicago boys of the street engaged after ten o'clock at night in 'shooting craps' and smoking cigarettes were recently asked where they attended school. 'We don't go.' 'Why don't you go?' was asked. 'It don't do us any good to go to school, we just bum when we do go.' 'What do you mean by bum?' 'We play hookey because we have to smoke all de time.' 'Why, how often do you smoke?' 'About every five minutes,' was the reply. 'But where do you get your money to smoke so much?' was the next question. 'We smokes de buts all around the streets. But,lady,we wants ter stop if we only could do it. Give us some medicine so we can stop,'was the pitiful appeal. A few moments talk with these boys showed all three to be in a very serious condition and suffering intensely with heart and lung trouble. One of the three drops down on the street or anywhere; another 'gets crazy,' while the third told of the dazed condition which cigarette smoking induces. Special attention has been given these boys but little can be done for them with the temptation on every hand.

Tens of thousands of boys in Chicago are becoming hopelessly addicted to the habit. Many of them are doomed, but others can be rescued if help comes soon. A boy with the cigarette habit is in a more desperate condition than a boy who is drowning or one with the smallpox.—'Christian Outlook.'

Wine in France.

Bonfort's 'Wine and Spirit Circular' does the temperance cause service in publishing statistics to show that the consumption of wine in France is not upon the decrease, as has been claimed, but, on the contrary, is rapidly increasing. The amount consumed in 1898 is shown to be more than 8,000,000 hectolitres more than that consumed in 1888. That is to say that the appalling increase in the consumption of the stronger alcoholic liquors, which has terrified the public men of France and causes the leading newspapers of that country to charge that the French nation is rapidly becoming a nation of drunkards, takes place, not because the French people have abandoned the use of wine and taken up the use of brandy, but because their long continued use of wine has borne its legitimate result in creating the demand for additional stronger and more destructive liquors. The logic of the facts is very strong argument against the theory of those so-called temperance reformers who are forever assuring us that the way to bring about temperance in America is to promote the use of wine and 'lighter' drinks to prevent the use of whiskey and brandy.—'The New Voice.'

Grocers' Licenses.

No reform in the drink problem is more to be desired than the abolition of grocers' licenses, and there are few that would command the intelligent assent of the community more thoroughly. The amount of private drinking to which this form of license has, directly and indirectly, given rise can never be fully known, for by the nature of the case the statistics are impossible to arrive at. Many families have been ruined, many fair lives been wrecked, and many more have been crippled in all that makes for holiness and self-control, through the undue facilities which it has afforded women to obtain intoxicants without detection. It is probably responsible for more female drunkenness than any other forms of licence; and, as the evil is rapidly on the increase, it is high time it should be dealt with, and that with a firm hand.—'The Christian.'

Correspondence

Fitch Bay, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper ever since Christmas, and think it is a very nice paper. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school every day, and Vincent Davis is my teacher. I am twelve and will be thirteen next March. I guess I will close, sending my love to all who take this paper. JENNIE P. D.

Oak River, Man.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. We have taken it for about five years. I like reading the letters on the last page. I live on a farm, near Oak River, and go to school every day. I am in the third book. We have only a small school with about twelve going to it. We are having holidays now. Our teacher's mother is sick and she had to go home. I have a friend from Galt, Ont., visiting at a neighbor's, she often comes down and plays with me and I often go up. She goes to school with me every day.

A LITTLE FRIEND.

Ralphton, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter to your valuable paper. My father is a farmer. I have three pets: a dog and two cats. The dog is just a pup. His name is Bob. We have four horses, nine cattle, 36 hens and seven pigs. There are eight of a family, two sisters are married and one brother, and one gone to South Africa in the police force. We are sixteen miles from town but we are expecting a new railway, and the town will be on my sister's place. I have four miles from Sunday-school. We have taken the 'Messenger' about seven years, and think it is getting better all the time. I like reading the Correspondence. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Aug. 14. Wishing you every success.

ELROY G. (Aged 12).

Starbuck.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat, we call her Kitty. She has a little kitten, it is gray. We have four horses, their names are Mag, Nellie, Frank, and Bill, and a little colt. We have two cows. One got her leg broke. We have about twenty turkeys. One is white; and we have lots of chickens. We have a dog, its name is Puppy. We had a big black dog. My father sold him; we used to hitch him up to a sleigh in winter and go for a ride. I have a big doll. I make its clothes. We live one mile from school. There are ten scholars. I have four sisters and three brothers. E. H. (Aged 10).

Golden Grove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country and have eleven cows, seven horses, a number of sheep, two dogs and a cat. I have three sisters, four brothers and a mother and father. I go to day school and Sunday-school. I have no brother nor sister to go to day school with me, but the teacher boards at our house, so I do not have to go to school alone. We had a Sunday-school picnic this summer and we had races and prizes for those who won the races. We had lots of baskets full of good things to eat at supper, also apples, candy and ice-cream. There were a number of people there and they all enjoyed it. We played all the games we knew. My birthday is on Dec. 26. I am eleven years old. EDITH McF.

Dear Editor,—I have only written once before, and then I did not see my letter in print, so I thought I would write again. I have nine pets, a cat and seven kittens and a dog. I go to school and I am in the fourth reader. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. One man here had over seven thousand bushels of wheat. We have ten horses and about eighteen cattle. My school is three miles away and, so, of course, I drive. I have one sister, her name is Gladys, and two brothers. M. D. (Aged 12).

Hoards Station, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sitting by the window trying to write, but the temptation to look outside every few moments is almost too much for me. On all sides, there are pretty little woods and the trees are looking their brightest and best in their autumn garb of crimson and russet brown. Then, too, the orchard is near, and I see, in fancy, the red-cheeked apples, inviting pickers. The melon patch also is only a stone's throw from the window and melons always have a great attraction for me. Isn't autumn a delightful time of year? I think October is the pleasantest of all the months and I am glad my birthday comes in that month. I wonder if any other little girl rejoices with me.

But I did not intend to write a letter about autumn, I wished to tell you about a little picnic we had, to bid farewell to summer. We had had a very warm week, but thought it could not last long, so on Saturday afternoon, we planned a little supper in the woods by the Trent River. We had a slight difficulty in getting off, for our little dog, Jack, (that I wrote to you about, a few years ago) followed us, and when we called at a house for reinforcements to our party, the dog stayed outside and yelped at the top of his voice. He is getting old and is almost blind, but his voice and lungs are strong as ever. As he was alarming the neighborhood, besides working himself into hysterics, I had to go and carry him in my arms all the way to grandpa's house. I think a great deal of the little pet, but just then other feelings than love, were uppermost in my mind, and my expression probably was not as pleasant as that which, of course, my face usually wears. However, I took him in the house and left him to charm grandma with his dog music.

And we really got started after that and camped in a charming little nook down by the water. The river, there, had a nice flat rock bottom and we could not resist the temptation to go in wading. The water was warm and just deep enough, so we enjoyed ourselves immensely. As it was a little late when we started, it soon came time for supper. We had carried a pail of water from a house near the wood, but found that a passing cow had refreshed herself at our expense. So another girl and I went for water while the rest set the table. The supper did taste good, too. Just as we were finishing, the sky grew dark, and a big windstorm came up. The weather, in almost an instant, changed cold. It seemed such a fitting ending to our 'farewell to summer' picnic.

As we walked home we enjoyed the refreshing breeze and planned our next excursion, which we intend shall be a nutting party to welcome in the autumn months. Perhaps I will write again and tell you what success we have. Your friend,

ISOBEL.

[What a nice letter you can write. Let us hear about the nutting party by all means. Ed.]

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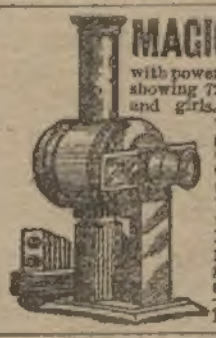
MAGIC LANTERN

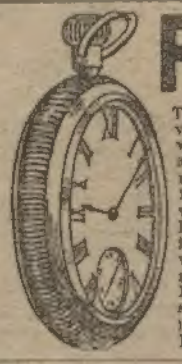


with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. gold-topped, ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 1773 TORONTO, Ontario.

$1.99 $1.99 Buys a Regular $5.00 Waterproof Raincoat

Send no money. Simply write us stating your height and chest measurement and giving the name of your nearest Express Office and we will send you this coat C.O.D., subject to examination. When it arrives try it on and examine it carefully and if found exactly as represented, the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any Raincoat ever offered for $5.00, then secure it by paying the Express Agent **our Special price $1.99** and Express Charges. This **Waterproof Raincoat** is in the very latest style, easy fitting, made of fine black material, extra well finished throughout, with double sewed seams and storm collar. **The very best coat ever made for those exposed much to the weather. Will wear like iron. $1.99** does not cover the first cost of the material. We have only a few of these Coats, and wish to clear them out at once. When they are gone there will be no more at this price. **Order to-day. Do not delay.** Johnston & Co., Box 92 Toronto.

FREE



This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 15c. each, only 16 beautiful gold-finished Finger Rings, with brilliant imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, Turquoise, Topaz, and Garnets, in fancy claw settings. These Rings would sell anywhere at 50c. each. **People are crazy to buy them.** Write for Rings to-day. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. THE BEST CO., BOX 122 TORONTO, ONTARIO.

FREE DOLL

A magnificent Beauty, nearly 2 feet high, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and curling golden hair, richly and fashionably dressed in silks and satins, beautifully trimmed with laces, velvets, etc. She has slippers, stockings and underwear, and movable head, arms and legs. Earn this charming French Doll by selling at 15c. each only 16 beautiful gold-finished Finger Rings set with sparkling imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, etc. They would sell readily at 50c. At our price only 15c. **people are crazy to buy them.** Write for Rings. Sell them, return $2.40, and receive this lovely Doll, postpaid. THE BEST CO., BOX 119 TORONTO, ONTARIO.

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Pin Co., Box 124 Toronto.

SILK

We have purchased the entire output of pieces from the Leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 300 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 15 cents silver, 2 for 25 cents. Johnston & Co., Box 92 Toronto.

SOLID GOLD

beautifully engraved Ring set with 3 real precious stones given for selling at 10c. each, only 15 Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. Everybody needs them. **Everybody buys them.** Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money and we send your **Solid Gold Ring** in a velvet box postpaid. Goldaloid Co., Box 120, Toronto.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

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